
Title: Love Sonnets

Author: Beatrix

To the only begetter of
these sonnets
To the well-wishing
adventurer in setting
forth...

I
Shamino, valiant
adventurer, Homo malicious
Adored from mine earliest
hour,
Magnanimously, thy
presence on all dost
shower
Infinite love! By life thou
dost devour,
Non-fading and delicious,
Our charming love,
sweetest power.

II
My heart is a chest Of
bitterness
Since we are apart
A harness of teardrops
I fear lest I should fall
from some height
On my shoulder
The weight
In mine heart
The pain
Why wait?
Why explain?
Shamino Dost thou not
Know How to care?

III
Since the War of
Mondain
One memory I keep
When beyond these
Realms
Thinking of us I weep
Is there one more
Chance to meet under
the elms?

IV

Never this warrior's
destiny
allowed His love to gain
Though restless, roving on
adventure proud
He traversed oft the
land
And oft the main
But love is like grain
It needs a tender hand
To grow, flourish and
mature
The Wrath of Mondain
Destroyed our bond
Thy past thou shalt
nurture
For greater future
In the worlds beyond

V
Sunset Over the Main
Gate
Going thy way I stare at
thee
Breathing in thy scent
I start the ascend
Hastily Blasting thee with
a spectral
spell I shimmer Away.

VI
Beneath the yew
Thoughts of thee
Keep me warm and jolly
Raindrops like dew
On a lily's petal
Gently brushing my skin
Cleansing for the soul
What a delight
Never too soon
Watching my reflection
In the river
As doth the Harvest
Moon
Night after night
In this season.

VII
Shamino, shadows of thee
appear
Before mine eyes all the
year
I see the main road clear
Winding down to thy
Castle
Where the winds whistle
There, at night I delight
At the magic sight

Of spectral spells like
thunder
On thy neck, warrior
Thou shalt not Abandon
me.